A SATYR.

9. May. 1692. LICENSED May 5. 1692.

COME lash my Muse with a Satyrick Pen,
The wilful Nonsense that still lurks in Men
Compos'd of Contradiction, foolish Spite,
Whose Reason's lost, and is call'd JACOBITE.
Assist ye Powers that I may them display,
And bring their darkest Follies to the day.
I'll first describe him as he 'ppears to view,
Next search him throughly, out, and inside too.
His Mean's dejected, hang'd-down Head and Ears;
His Humour ebbs and flows with joy and fears;
Puft up with thoughts of Fleets and Men, that are
To land the Lord knows how, or when, and where.
He swells, he huffs, and puffs, and struts about,
Till he's disgorg'd his poison'd Notions out.
Talks big of *France*, and of its mighty King,
Whose Fame, or Shame, throughout the World doth ring;
What Towns, what Armies ever can withstand
The unconq'ring Arms of his and *James's* hand,
Whose Courage equal's known by Sea and Land,
That where they cannot run, they'll surely stand.
You of all others should be least o'rejoy'd;
If *French* or *Irish* land, ye're all destroy'd.
The inrag'd Mob will do themselves this Right,
Each puny Boy'll devour a JACOBITE.
Blind, sordid Biggot; can, yet will not see
Thy growing Ruin and Catastrophe
Daily creeps on thee, whilst just Heavens Decree
Crowns our Great *WILL* with all prosperity,
And gives him more than Human Victory.
'Tis he alone whom Heaven has design'd
To be the darling Good for all Mankind:
Miracle of Mercy to his worst of Foes,
Who daily doe his glorious Reign oppose;
Yet still he lets them live to run their Fate,
And shews they are beneath his Royal hate.
Patron of Justice, Equity and Right,
Terrour to Foes, in Council, and in Fight:
Justly belov'd, justly obey'd by all,
But thou base Treach'rous unthinking Animal.

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Despicable, indigent, and useless thing,
Does neither service to thy self, or King.
For what thou whisper'st, writes, or talk'st aloud
In Coffee-House, Secret Cabal, or Crowd,
Does only shew thy Base Degenerate Mind,
Justly abhor'd, and curst by all Mankind.
With Lucifer on'd think ye are combin'd
To ruine all, not sparing your own kind.
How could ye else by Grumbling seek for Ease
From *French* Remedies, worse than the Disease?
Ye all pretend to feel, tho' 'tis too plain
Reformation's wanting only in your Brain:
What canst thou wish for, that we had before,
That we possess not, and a Richer Store?
'Tis thy own fault that thou enjoy'st no more.
Ye, like curst Curs, who in the Manger lie,
Growl, snarl, and bite the Beast that standeth by,
Envying each Grass he there receives for Food,
Tho' the whole Truss can do himself no good.
Shadow of Man! for that is all that can
Be found of thee to shew thou wert a Man;
Thy Reason, Judgment, Senses, all are lost,
Since thy vain, sordid, selfish Humour's crost:
Regardless to the Welfare of Mankind,
Those Thoughts ye banish from your Soul and Mind;
And sacrifice Laws, Liberties, and all
That we can wish, possess, or sacred call;
With sham-pretence of Service that ye'd do him,
Who like the Devil ye serve, but won't go to him:
Rebellious Fool! what canst thou hope to find?
For turn of State will never turn thy Mind
From that Base Villany that lurks throughout
Thy poyson'd Soul and Carcass, won't go out;
Nor can it die, and thou survive, curst Elf!
Rather than not do ill, thou'd hang thy self;
Tho' that's the least of Ills thou ere canst do,
To hang thy self, and all thy Fellows too:
Nor can ye blame the King or State for more,
Than that ye live, and were not hang'd before.
Ye spurn at Mercy that is daily shown
To ye, the worst of Men, your selves must own,
These are the Marks, by which ye all are known.
Ah! Happy *Albion*, thrice blessed Isle!
Could we this Excrementious Brood exile;
Or would they cease to be! Grant Heaven they may
Like Rusty Iron, eat themselves away.

F I N I S.

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